

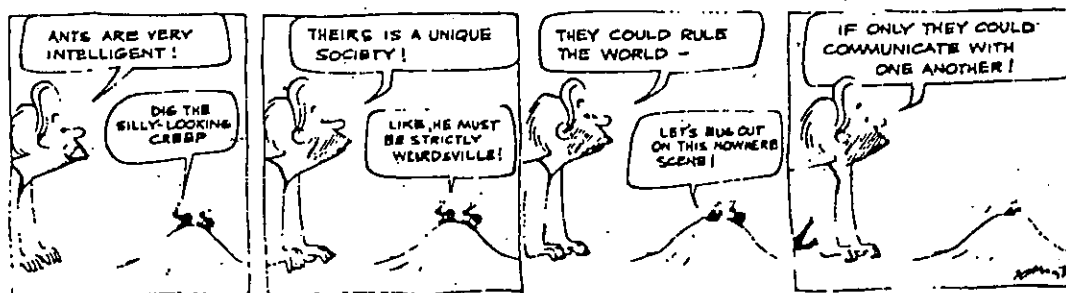
The one thing we learn from history is that we never learn anything from history.

HEGEL

Historical experience is at once man's glory and his despair—his despair because his achievements continually fall short of his hopes; his glory because his failures prove his possession of a gift excluded by the very perfection of the insect world—the power to learn. That is why we are concerned with education, and the insects are not.

M. V. C. JEFFREYS: *Personal Values in the Modern World*

B.C



John Hart & Field Enterprises, Inc.

certain maxims of archy

i heard a
couple of fleas
talking the other
day says one come
to lunch with
me i can lead you
to a pedigreed
dog says the
other one
i do not care
what a dog s
pedigree may be
safety first
is my motto what
i want to know
is whether he
has got a

muzzle on
millionaires and
bums taste
about alike to me

insects have
their own point
of view about
civilization a man
thinks he amounts
to a great deal
but to a
flea or a
mosquito a
human being is
merely something
good to eat

boss the other day
i heard an
ant conversing
with a flea
small talk i said
disgustedly
and went away
from there

i do not see why men
should be so proud
insects have the more
ancient lineage
according to the scientists
insects were insects
when man was only
a burbling whatisit

cont.

DEAR AMERICA

Dear America you worry me.
Our friendship (and that's all it ever was)
is shaky.

I don't trust you
or your Dreams
or your Destiny
any more.

No longer Gem of the Ocean,
no longer Land of the Free,
you house no more the Golden Door.

Who are you to ask me to be a statistic
or a lizard? (No I won't shut up.)

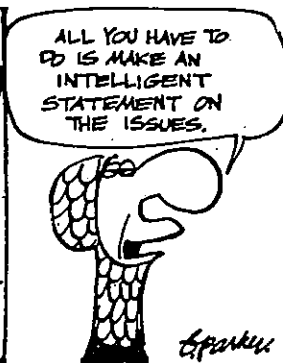
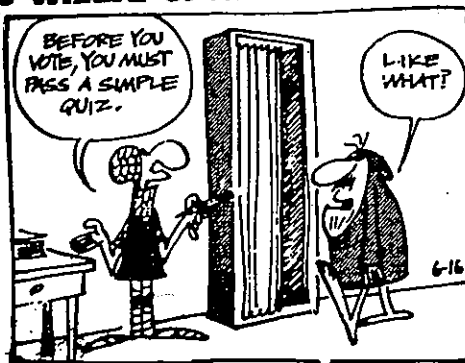
Trying to hand my body over to Ministers
and Generals, throwing me out False Reports,
killing kids and calling it News.

I know an ugly mirage when I see one.
Your Power grunts in cannon, is dying
in smoke rings. . . .

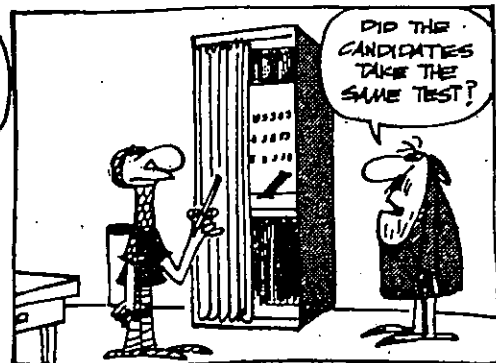
Don't tell me what is good for me,
I'll make up my own poor mind.
The Last Mile is a lonesome road,
go bomb a canoe.

ROBERT PETERSON: *Poems of Protest*

The Wizard of Id



By Parker and Hart



The Australian

The responsibility

I am the man who gives the word,
If it should come, to use the Bomb.
I am the man who spreads the word
From him to them if it should come.

I am the man who gets the word
From him who spreads the word from him.

I am the man who drops the Bomb
If ordered by the one who's heard
From him who merely spreads the word
The first one gives if it should come.

I am the man who loads the Bomb
That he must drop should orders come
From him who gets the word passed on
By one who waits to hear from *him*.

I am the man who makes the Bomb
That he must load for him to drop
If told by one who gets the word
From one who passes it from *him*.

I am the man who fills the till,
Who pays the tax, who foots the bill
That guarantees the Bomb he makes
For him to load for him to drop
If orders come from one who gets
The word passed on to him by one
Who waits to hear it from the man
Who gives the word to use the Bomb.

I am the man behind it all;
I am the one responsible.

PETER APPLETON

In spite of all similarities every living situation has, like a new-born child, a new face, that has never been before and will never come again. It demands of you a reaction which cannot be prepared beforehand. It demands nothing of what is past. It demands presence, responsibility; it demands you.

MARTIN BUBER: *Between Man and Man*

Pink: "Dear Mr. President"

(feat. Indigo Girls)

Dear Mr. President,
Come take a walk with me.
Let's pretend we're just two people and
You're not better than me.
I'd like to ask you some questions if we can speak honestly.

What do you feel when you see all the homeless on the street?
Who do you pray for at night before you go to sleep?
What do you feel when you look in the mirror?
Are you proud?

How do you sleep while the rest of us cry?
How do you dream when a mother has no chance to say goodbye?
How do you walk with your head held high?
Can you even look me in the eye
And tell me why?

Dear Mr. President,
Were you a lonely boy?
Are you a lonely boy?
Are you a lonely boy?
How can you say
No child is left behind?
We're not dumb and we're not blind.
They're all sitting in your cells
While you pave the road to hell.

What kind of father would take his own daughter's rights away?
And what kind of father might hate his own daughter if she were gay?
I can only imagine what the first lady has to say
You've come a long way from whiskey and cocaine.

How do you sleep while the rest of us cry?
How do you dream when a mother has no chance to say goodbye?
How do you walk with your head held high?
Can you even look me in the eye?

Let me tell you 'bout hard work
Minimum wage with a baby on the way
Let me tell you 'bout hard work
Rebuilding your house after the bombs took them away
Let me tell you 'bout hard work
Building a bed out of a cardboard box
Let me tell you 'bout hard work
Hard work
You don't know nothing 'bout hard work
Hard work

How do you sleep at night?
How do you walk with your head held high?
Dear Mr. President,
You'd never take a walk with me.
Would you?